

**AN:** This was way too long for me to post in one go, so I split it up into three parts. I hope you don't mind, since this is one of the funniest things I've ever done. You'll see why in a moment. Enjoy!

## **The Room (Part 1 of 3)**

### **Scene One – The Room**

(A white room. The four walls are completely bare, save for a large metal door with about nine thousand padlocks attached to it. A cupboard is attached to the left wall. Four chairs are placed in the centre, all facing each other. And sat in these four chairs are – as you might guess – four people: TPYMK, Dan, Greg and Eoin.)

**TPYMK:** So, a Welshman, two Irishmen and an American are sitting in an empty white room. Sounds like the start of a bad joke.

**EOIN:** Hey, I've got a joke: "What does a Welshman do with his sheep?"

**TPYMK:** Don't make me shoot you.

**EOIN:** Sorry.

**TPYMK:** I don't even know how we ended up here, anyway. It's so boring, sad and lonely. It's like the Roman Colosseum, only... fuller.

**EOIN:** Yeah. The last thing I remember was going to bed, snuggling up with my Scar plushie. Then I woke up here. I didn't even get time to watch my edited version of *The Lion King*. The one where it only features the parts that Scar is in.

**TPYMK:** I was writing a story. Haiba died and I was a detective trying to find out why it happened.

**EOIN:** Sounds terrible.

**TPYMK:** Yeah.

(He looks around.)

I don't even understand why we're here. Maybe we've been kidnapped to take part in some sort of reality TV show where people are watching us 24/7.

**DAN:** That'd be horrible. I hate drawing attention to myself.

(Dan adjusts the massive golden crown on his head, brushing some dirt off the royal garments he is wearing.)

All I remember is my servants cooking a feast for me. I took one bite out of some cheesy pasta, and the next thing I know, I'm sat here.

**EOIN:** You must really enjoy being the Forum Prince. Especially with a costume like that.

**DAN:** I don't know what you're talking about.

(Eoin rolls his eyes. TPYMK casts a glance at Greg.)

**TPYMK:** What's the last thing that you remember, Greg?

(Greg has a can of beer in his hand. He takes a big gulp from it.)

**GREG:** I was taking one of my daily "run to the liquor shop and see how much I can drink before the police arrive" trips.

**EOIN:** How much did you drink?

**GREG:** Not much – only about sixty bottles or so. Then, while I was trying to evade the pursuing authorities, I ended up running right into a lamppost. And here I am.

**TPYMK:** So none of us know why we we're here.

**DAN:** It would appear not.

**TPYMK:** Oh, well, it doesn't matter. We need to focus on the more important things, like—

**GREG:** Drinking!

(Greg finishes off his can, crumpling it in his hand and throwing it into the corner of the room, where several other cans are piled up.)

**TPYMK:** No. *Escaping*. There has to be a way out of here.

**DAN:** Yeah – through that door. But not even my oversized ego and royal powers can break through it. It's safe to say that we're trapped.

**TPYMK:** Don't be ridiculous. We might be able to open it. It's worth a try. Especially if we all do it together.

**EOIN:** I'm not going near there. It's scary.

(Eoin pulls out a Scar plushie, hugging it softly.)

**TPYMK:** Oh, you can't be serious. It's about four feet away!

**EOIN:** (nervous) Well... let me take my plushie, then. I know my cuddly wuddly Scar will protect me.

**DAN:** You must really like him.

**EOIN:** No, I do not think his thin legs are hot!

(Dan stares at Eoin, horrified.)

Uh... I mean, um... Oh, shut up!

(Dan is visibly disturbed.)

**DAN:** I'm going to help TPYMK now.

(Dan quickly gets off his chair, as does TPYMK.)

**EOIN:** Don't leave me here!

(Eoin hurries over to them.)

**TPYMK:** Greg, are you coming?

(Greg shakes his head.)

**GREG:** No, I'm very busy – drinking.

(TPYMK shakes his head as he walks over to the door. Meanwhile, Greg reaches into his coat and pulls out a pint glass filled with beer, laughing.)

**TPYMK:** There has to be a way out somehow.

(TPYMK fiddles with one of the padlocks. He pounds on the door a few times, to no avail.)

Damn it! Dan, you'll have to let me and Eoin use your head as a battering ram. You've got the crown – it makes sense.

**DAN:** You're not using *my* head! A royal prince such as myself doesn't deserve to be mistreated in such a ghastly way.

(TPYMK moans in despair.)

**TPYMK:** We're trapped, aren't we? We're trapped!

(Eoin clutches his Scar plushie to his chest.)

**EOIN:** It's okay, Scar. Pay no attention to the nasty author...

**TPYMK:** Oh, shut up, you furry twit!

**EOIN:** I only dress up as a pony on Thursdays!

**DAN:** And I thought *I* was bad.

**TPYMK:** Look, I just suggest that we think up a plan – and fast. There might not be much oxygen left – especially with Beer Breath over there.

(He jerks a finger in Greg's direction.)

**DAN:** I think we should all just calm down.

(TPYMK nods.)

**TPYMK:** Yes. You're right. Calm down. We have to mellow out, Dan – this is the 80s, after all.

(Dan narrows his eyes, confused. TPYMK sits back down in one of the chairs. So does Dan. Eoin sits down by the wall, curling up in a foetal position, hugging his Scar plushie and sucking his

thumb.)

**EOIN:** Be prepared... Be prepared... Be prepared...

**TPYMK:** I think he's lost his mind, you know.

**DAN:** What do you expect from Scar fangirls? The character is psychotic; so are his fans.

**TPYMK:** Enough of this mindless fandom banter! We have to get out of here before some sort of horrific accident happens.

**GREG:** Hey – I've just had a fantastic idea!

**TPYMK:** Really?

(Greg finishes off his pint glass in one big chug. TPYMK is still staring at him.)

**GREG:** What?

**TPYMK:** Well, what was your fantastic idea?

**GREG:** To drink that.

(He points at his glass.)

**TPYMK:** This is ridiculous!

(Dan casts a bewildered look at Greg. He whispers in TPYMK's ear.)

**DAN:** Why does he drink so much?

**TPYMK:** I don't know. Must be a French thing. It's very popular over there.

**DAN:** Oh.

(TPYMK leans back in his chair, sighing deeply.)

**TPYMK:** Oh, how long have we been here now?

**DAN:** About seven minutes.

**TPYMK:** But it feels like... eight and a half minutes.

(He looks miserable.)

I'm so bored... So bored I could probably read *Consequences* without vomiting blood.

**EOIN:** Hey!

**TPYMK:** Oh, shut up!

(Dan glances aside at Greg, who is now reading a book – upside down.)

**DAN:** What are you reading, Greg?

**GREG:** I don't know – I'm too drunk to focus.

**TPYMK:** Right, that's it!

(He rises to his feet.)

Desperate times call for desperate measures. This is the 70s, after all.

**DAN:** What?

**TPYMK:** We have to dig a hole in the floor! An underground tunnel is our only chance of escape!

**DAN:** How are we going to do that? We haven't even got a shovel.

**TPYMK:** Well, we'll just have to use our bare hands, then, won't we? Come on! Start digging!

(TPYMK drags Dan by his ear over to the side of the room. He hurries back over to Greg, who is now reading a newspaper.)

Will you be all okay on your own, Greg?

**GREG:** Yeah – there's a full-page advert for Guinness here. It's got pictures and everything – I should be all right for an hour or two.

**TPYMK:** Great.

(He joins Dan by the wall.)

You know, those Indian people really like their alcohol, don't they, Dan? I've never met anyone like it.

(Dan is attempting to dig into the ground with his bare hands.)

**DAN:** It's not working!

**TPYMK:** How'd you figure that out?

**DAN:** Well, I've taken all the skin off my hands, for a start.

(He lifts up his hands, revealing them to be smothered with blood.)

**TPYMK:** Use your teeth, then. You've heard of moles, haven't you? I'll go and check on Eoin.

(He starts for Eoin, only to see Greg wandering over to the cupboard.)

Greg, what are you doing?

(Greg opens the cupboard doors, chuckling.)

**GREG:** Welcome to Greg's Bar... Ha-ha-ha!

(He pulls out a bottle of bleach. He rips the top off and starts to drink from it. He drains the bottle dry, nodding.)

Yeah – that's the stuff.

(He then faints. TPYMK shakes his head.)

**TPYMK:** Those Columbians and their drinks...

(TPYMK wanders over to Eoin.)

Feeling tense, Eoin?

**EOIN:** Yes – increasingly so.

(He is stroking the mane of his Scar plushie gently. TPYMK shoots him a soft look.)

**TPYMK:** Eoin... I know we don't communicate much... and I know you may think that I'm sometimes a bit harsh about your furry ways... but I'm finally going to tell you the truth.

(TPYMK leans in close, a look of sympathy on his face.)

You really are... a furry loser.

(Eoin bursts into tears. TPYMK pats his head.)

There, there – you'll come to terms with it soon enough.

(He heads back over to Dan.)

How's it going, Dan?

(Dan lifts his head up.)

**DAN:** Well, I couldn't get a good grip on the floor with my teeth. I'm too upper class to be doing this sort of work, anyway.

**TPYMK:** Damn. What we need is an all-purpose tool that will do the trick.

(Greg suddenly pops up, drunkenly gripping on to TPYMK's shoulder.)

**GREG:** Don't worry – I'm perfectly all right.

(His eyes roll into the back of his head.)

Ooh – no, I'm not.

(He collapses onto the floor again.)

Where'd the floor go...?

**TPYMK:** Now that we've got that moment of stereotypical Iranian alcoholism out of the way, I think it's about time that we scoured this room dry for any useful tools.

**DAN:** But there's nothing! This room is practically empty!

(TPYMK groans in anger.)



**TPYMK:** *You are tearing me apart, Dan!*

**EOIN:** We're doomed... No one is going to help us, and I will never be able to look at romantic pictures of Scar ever again.

(A voice suddenly sounds.)

**VOICE:** Did someone call for help?

(TPYMK, Dan, Eoin and Greg all turn their heads towards the centre of the room.

Haiba is stood there.)

**TPYMK:** *Haiba?*

**DAN:** *Haiba?*

**EOIN:** *Haiba?*

**GREG:** *Monkey!*

(Haiba grins at the four.)

**HAIBA:** This is going to be good.

### **To Be Continued...**

**AN:** Oh, God, this made me laugh. Just the four of us – without Haiba – in an empty room is funny. That's why I had to split it up into three parts. We haven't even started yet. Tune in tomorrow for more!

**AN:** By popular demand, the second part of *The Room*! It's my longest script, too! Hooray!

### **The Room (Part 2 of 3)**

**HAIBA:** This is going to be good.

(TPYMK's grin widens at the sight of Haiba. He slowly approaches him, arms outstretched.)

**TPYMK:** At long last! Civilisation! It's raining cubs! Hallelujah!

(He hugs Haiba tightly.)

**HAIBA:** Nice to see you, too.

(Dan speaks in a posh British accent.)

**DAN:** Thank goodness – Haiba is obviously one of those slave rescue people, come to rescue his prince from the commoners! Simply delightful! Most excellent!

(TPYMK turns to Dan.)

**TPYMK:** You need to stop speaking in that Welsh accent, Dan. It really doesn't suit you. Plus you're disturbing our guest.

(Eoin backs up against the wall in terror, pointing at Haiba.)

**EOIN:** Oh, no! It's him! The unholy one! We're doomed!

(TPYMK looks confused.)

**TPYMK:** Did Ugaidi just enter the room?

(He looks at Eoin.)

Eoin, what are you blabbering about?

**EOIN:** He's the enemy of my religion! The antichrist of Scarism!

**TPYMK:** Scarism?

**EOIN:** Yeah. All us Scar fans fear Haiba. He completely replaces your current obsession with an obsession for him instead!

(He holds his Scar plushie up.)

The power of Scar compels you! The power of Scar compels you! The power of Scar compels you!

(TPYMK rolls his eyes, shooting an apologetic look at Haiba.)

**TPYMK:** Sorry about this. I just happen to be friends with Prince Charming, Jeremy Irons' wife and the living brewery.

**HAIBA:** I understand. This is how most of my Saturday nights

turn out. Anyway, what are you doing here?

(TPYMK narrows his eyes at him.)

**TPYMK:** You mean... you don't know where we are?

**HAIBA:** No. I fell asleep, and suddenly I found myself here.

(He sniffs the air, grimacing.)

Do you have a sewer leak or something?

**TPYMK:** No – that's just Greg.

**GREG:** Someone say my name?

(Greg staggers to his feet, pointing and laughing at Haiba.)

Ha-ha! It's a mouse!

**HAIBA:** Wow – he's had a bit to drink, hasn't he?

**TPYMK:** You can say that again. It's a Spanish thing – they love it over there. Still, he's only been drunk once. Trouble is it's lasted eighteen years so far. You don't drink, do you?

**HAIBA:** No – I just get other people drunk and take advantage of them when they pass out.

(TPYMK nods, impressed.)

**TPYMK:** Good plan. Can I tag along one day?

**HAIBA:** Well—

(Greg grabs TPYMK by the shoulder, chuckling to himself.)

**GREG:** I'm gonna have to stop this conversation, because I need someone to hold on to. In fact, I think I'm a little bit drunk.

**TPYMK:** Oh, you think?

(He turns away from Greg, wincing.)

Please face the other way – your breath is melting my face.

**DAN:** I would never stoop so low to hang around with such an awful alcoholic as him. I feel dirty just being in his presence. As soon as I get out of here, it's off with his head!

**HAIBA:** A beheading, eh? Sounds kind of hot. Not as much as burning someone at the stake, though. That's *very* hot.

**DAN:** Stay away from me, you putrid little cheese puff.

**HAIBA:** Domineering, eh? I like it!

**TPYMK:** Okay! Enough of this senseless flirting and drunken idiocy! I want to get out of here – right now! I don't think I can take much more!

**GREG:** Yeah, yeah, whatever – I need another seventeen pints to help me think first. Now, where's my bar?

(Greg falls onto one of the chairs, smashing it to pieces.)

**TPYMK:** No, Greg – that's a chair.

**GREG:** Yeah – it's pretty cute, isn't it?

(Greg stumbles away.)

Right, I'm going – tell the wife I'll be home around eight.

**TPYMK:** Whose wife?

**GREG:** Anybody's – I don't know where I'm going yet.

(TPYMK sighs.)

**TPYMK:** I really hate those Taiwanese alcoholics, you know.

(He suddenly smiles.)

Hmm... Maybe his alcoholism might prove useful after all.

**DAN:** What do you mean?

**EOIN:** If it involves using my Scar plushie, then you've got another thing coming.

**TPYMK:** I don't need your fangirl plushie, Eoin. I think that if we let Greg drink even more alcohol, then his breath will become so toxic that it will melt through the wall. Then we can get out, go home and have our feet up in front of the TV before you can say—

**DAN:** Greg's having a bath full of champagne.

**TPYMK:** "Greg's having a bath full of—" Wait, *what?*

(Off to the side of the room, Greg is sitting in a bathtub full of champagne.)

**HAIBA:** This is some party.

**TPYMK:** Don't encourage him!

(TPYMK stomps over to Greg.)

Greg?

**GREG:** Yes, Deidre?

**TPYMK:** My name is ThatPersonYouMightKnow. Now, where did you get this bathtub from?

**GREG:** In my bar over there.

(TPYMK looks at the tiny cupboard on the wall.)

**TPYMK:** There's something wrong with this world... Anyway, just keep drinking.

**GREG:** Yeah – I need about nine more bottles of wine to help me think. Seventeen pints just isn't going to cut it.

(He clambers out of the bathtub.)

**EOIN:** Thank God he didn't take his clothes off. It would have spoilt my carefree view of the world.

**TPYMK:** The *smell* has spoilt my carefree view of the world. And you say people drink alcohol for enjoyment? I'm going to have radiation poisoning by the time we get out of here.

**EOIN:** *If we get out of here.*

**TPYMK:** Don't be negative, Eoin – or I'll rip that Scar plushie into tiny pieces.

(He clutches the plushie to his chest.)

**EOIN:** You wouldn't! It's all that matters to me! Scar gives me strength!

**TPYMK:** Then shut up!

(He turns to Greg.)

Greg, help us out here. We need you to melt through the wall with your breath.

**GREG:** Who are you?

**TPYMK:** Your friend. We're trapped in a room together.

**GREG:** Oh, yeah, I remember that... Was that today?

**TPYMK:** Yes! Wait a second... I've just had an even better idea. Have you got any alcohol on you?

**GREG:** Yes – let's drink ourselves to death so we won't notice!

(Greg pulls a giant bottle of whiskey out from his trousers, drinking from it immediately. He finishes the entire bottle in seconds, dropping it to the floor. He notices the bewildered look on TPYMK's face.)

What?

**TPYMK:** How did you fit that massive bottle in your trousers?

**GREG:** Well, there's plenty of room in my trousers... sadly.

(Haiba wanders over to the two.)

**HAIBA:** Guys, guys, guys – you're missing the point here. You don't need alcohol or fighting to solve all of your problems.

**TPYMK:** Really? Then what *do* we need?

**HAIBA:** *Me!* I can fix this in ten seconds flat.

**GREG:** Yes – he's brought a keg of beer! Oh, thank God! That'll fix everything.

**HAIBA:** That's not what I meant. All I need is your complete concentration.

**TPYMK:** That'll be difficult with Greg around, then.

**GREG:** Hey, I could be worse! I could be taking drugs instead!

**TPYMK:** I thought you *were* on drugs?

**GREG:** Okay, so I tried heroin that one time. I didn't even like it. Although I was high on cocaine at the time, so...

(TPYMK sighs, slapping his palm against his face.)

**TPYMK:** Do you want to shoot me, Haiba, or should I just pull the trigger myself?

**HAIBA:** Calm down. I know exactly how to solve this problem. I will travel back down the dimensional portal to the real world, and find a way to bring you back.

(Dan walks over to them.)

**DAN:** But I thought you said you didn't know how you got here?

**HAIBA:** Oh, I was just lying.

**DAN:** What for?

**HAIBA:** For fun.

(TPYMK smashes his head against the wall in frustration, sobbing.)

**TPYMK:** I'm never doing a book signing... I hate you guys.

(Eoin nuzzles his Scar plushie.)

**EOIN:** He lied to us... That cheesy cub is devious.

**HAIBA:** Just sit down, and I'll explain everything.

### **Five Minutes Later...**

(The four humans are sat down in the chairs, while Haiba is stood in the centre.)

**HAIBA:** ... and that's why I'm so cheesy!

**TPYMK:** Oh. I never would have guessed. So, you were telling us how to get out of here?

(Greg has a barrel of beer on the floor, and is sipping from it with a very long, curly straw.)

**GREG:** Oh, why don't we just stay here? It's much more fun, anyway! I love getting locked in! Especially that time when I was at the bar!

(He then frowns.)

Shame it was in the toilets, though...

**TPYMK:** I think we should just exclude Greg from these conversations. He's obviously not useful at being trapped in enclosed spaces.

**GREG:** Yes, I am! What about the time I had to look after that guy's shop? I found the drinks cabinet and the sign that says 'Closed'. I didn't leave for a whole week. Completely trapped.

**TPYMK:** In the drinks cabinet?

**GREG:** No – in a bottle.

(TPYMK sighs.)

**TPYMK:** Haiba, please get us out of here. My brain is bleeding.

**EOIN:** I'm worried about *my* mental integrity. It's been hours now since I last watched a Scar clip... I'm not sure how much longer I can cope for.

**TPYMK:** Oh, give me that!



(He grabs the Scar plushie, causing Eoin to scream in terror.)

**EOIN:** *My Scar! My master! Give it back! Give it back!*

(He hops up and down like a little child, while TPYMK holds the Scar plushie just out of his reach.)

**TPYMK:** I don't think you deserve it. You obviously don't love him enough.

**EOIN:** *I would give birth to his cubs!*

**TPYMK:** Squeal like a seal!

**EOIN:** What?

**TPYMK:** You heard me. Squeal like a seal! It'll provide a bit of entertainment, at least.

(Eoin starts crawling around on the floor, squealing like a seal. TPYMK holds up the Scar plushie.)

Now, beg for it!

(Eoin makes a begging motion with his arms.)

Good boy!

(He tosses the plushie into Eoin's mouth. He quickly scuttles back to his seat.)

**GREG:** Heh-heh-heh... That was funny.

**TPYMK:** What was?

**GREG:** The fact that I can't see.

**HAIBA:** Can I get on with my explanation now?

**DAN:** Please do. There's only so much peasantry I can take.

**HAIBA:** Okay, I need four special ingredients from all of you to open the portal back into the real world. I need parts from a loser, a slob, a freak and a waste of space.

**TPYMK:** (confused) But which one is which?

(The others all shrug.)

**HAIBA:** Just let me get on with this.

(Haiba grabs one of Greg's beer cans, he rips a strand of fur from Eoin's plushie, takes Dan's crown from his head and kisses TPYMK on the cheek.)

**DAN:** What was the kiss for?

**HAIBA:** Kiss of creation. He is my god, after all. A very cute one, too.

(TPYMK blushes, looking away.)

**TPYMK:** Haiba, that's a private thing...

(Haiba places the crown on the floor, then the can inside the inner rim. He then drops the strand of fur inside the can.)

That should do it...

**TPYMK:** This makes no sense.

**EOIN:** It's fan fiction – it's not supposed to.

**TPYMK:** Explains your stories, then.

(Haiba jolts back in surprise.)

**HAIBA:** I think this is it! I'll be back with help!

(Haiba vanishes from the room.)

**TPYMK:** Great! Now we can finally get out of here!

**EOIN:** If he comes back, that is.

**TPYMK:** Of course he'll come back! He's our friend!

**GREG:** In the meantime, I'll indulge in a drink. I do it so rarely – it's about time I treated myself.

(He pulls out a glass beaker from his coat, draining its contents

dry in seconds.)

**TPYMK:** What the hell was that?

**GREG:** Pure alcohol. I stole it from the hospital.

**DAN:** I hope he hurries back soon – I can barely breathe.

**TPYMK:** He'll be here. Any minute now...

### **Five Days Later...**

(They're still sitting there.)

**TPYMK:** Any minute now...

**DAN:** I don't think he's coming.

**TPYMK:** Of course he'll come! He said he'd help us!

**EOIN:** I told you that cub was evil. We should pray to Scar instead.

**TPYMK:** We're not praying to anyone! We're trapped and no one is coming to rescue us!

(Greg pulls out a massive bottle of champagne.)

**GREG:** Yes, it's a living nightmare...

(He starts drinking, as TPYMK looks gravely at them all.)

**TPYMK:** Okay... Which one of us are we going to eat first?

### **To Be Continued...**

**AN:** Oh, dear. What a cliffhanger. We've finally resorted to cannibalism. Well, it was bound to happen eventually, wasn't it? Especially with us around. Anyway, it looks like we're approaching the final moments of this mad descent into chaos. Tune in tomorrow for the final part of *The Room*!

**AN:** Well, I was going to post this at midnight, but *someone*, called Eoin, who wishes to remain anonymous, decided it was a good idea to post *his* script at the same time. Now it's a 00:18

opening instead! Yay! Crushing disappointment! Anyway, it's time for the final part in this mind-bending trilogy! Will we escape from the room safely? Read and find out!

### **The Room (Part 3 of 3)**

**TPYMK:** Okay... Which one of us are we going to eat first?

(The others all stare at him.)

**DAN:** What?

**TPYMK:** Well, I'm not the only one who's hungry. We've gone five days now without any food or water.

**DAN:** You can survive for two weeks without food. We need something to drink first.

**EOIN:** Maybe we could have some of Greg's beer.

**TPYMK:** I wouldn't suggest it, Eoin. One drop and you'll just evaporate into alcoholic particles. Those Egyptians brew their drinks *very* strongly.

**DAN:** Then just what are we supposed to do?

**TPYMK:** That's why I said we should decide who we're going to eat. You get some meat. That's food. Plus you get blood. So that's drink. It makes sense.

**DAN:** I vote Greg.

**TPYMK:** You might want to think about that first. Do you *really* want to eat him?

(The three cast a glance at Greg, who is busy injecting a syringe filled with alcohol into his arm.)

**GREG:** What are you all looking at?

**DAN:** Yeah... On second thoughts, I think we'll exclude Greg from this.

**TPYMK:** Like everything else, really. Okay, we'll do this

democratically – this is the 60s, after all. Everyone give a reason why they shouldn't be eaten.

**DAN:** Well, I obviously shouldn't be eaten. I'm a prince. You can't eat royalty!

**TPYMK:** This isn't your kingdom, Dan. Everyone's up for grabs. Of course, *I* shouldn't be eaten because I'm a god. To eat me would result in the entire universe imploding in on itself.

**DAN:** Then I suppose the only logical choice... is to eat Eoin.

(Eoin clutches his Scar plushie protectively, nervously looking at the two.)

**EOIN:** What? You can't eat me!

**TPYMK:** Why not?

**EOIN:** Because I'm a Scar fan, that's why!

(TPYMK and Dan glance at each other.)

**TPYMK:** I think that's a pretty good reason to eat him.

**DAN:** Yeah – plus we won't have to read any more of those awful stories, either!

**TPYMK:** Yeah! I'm sure his death will create a few "*Ripples*" in the fan fiction pond. Ha-ha-ha!

(He sighs, grinning.)

**DAN:** Ah... we suck.

**TPYMK:** Yeah – we do, don't we?

**EOIN:** You can't do this to me! I'm innocent! I just want to go home! All I ever wanted was to swoon over Scar pictures on the Internet!

**TPYMK:** With the adult filter *off*, I've noticed. You furies are all the same.

**DAN:** That's why we should eat him – at least we'll narrow the

furry population down by one.

**TPYMK:** Excellent point! Come on, Dan – let's dig in!

(TPYMK and Dan advance on Eoin. He backs up against the wall, terrified.)

**EWIN:** Please! Don't! I'll do anything!

**DAN:** He won't shut up, will he? I can't concentrate on my dinner with him screaming and pleading.

**TPYMK:** Trust me – I know exactly how to deal with this.

(TPYMK smiles sweetly at Eoin.)

Oh, Eoin... I've got a present for you!

**EWIN:** L-like what? A fan fic where Scar is a tragic character with a dark past but still somehow manages to be incredibly dull?

**TPYMK:** Even better.

(TPYMK reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a photograph.)

A signed photo of Scar!

(Eoin squeals at the top of his voice, causing TPYMK and Dan to clamp their hands over their ears. The squeal lasts for twenty seconds straight, before Eoin collapses to the floor in a heap. Motionless.)

**DAN:** What happened?

**TPYMK:** I think he fan-squealed to death.

**DAN:** Aw... that's sad. He was so young.

(TPYMK nods in sympathy.)

**TPYMK:** So young and... so pathetic.

(TPYMK turns to Greg, who is eating a beer bottle. He crushes the shards of glass between his teeth.)

**GREG:** Yummy!

**TPYMK:** Greg, Eoin's just died out of sheer love for a bland and boring character. Would you like to say a few words?

**GREG:** Oh, sure, sure: gin, whiskey, vodka. Rest in peace, Bowen.

**TPYMK:** It's Eoin.

**GREG:** That's what I said. Logan.

(TPYMK rolls his eyes, as Greg swallows the last of the bottle. He licks his fingers.)

**DAN:** So should we eat him, then?

**TPYMK:** Absolutely! You brought a fork, didn't you?

(Dan sighs. So does TPYMK.)

Apparently not. I guess we can't eat him, then.

**DAN:** Why not?

**TPYMK:** Well, I'm not using my teeth! I would never do something so barbaric. What do you take me for, some sort of cannibal?

(TPYMK slinks back into one of the chairs, looking more miserable than ever.)

I'm missing so much stuff right now... I could be reading a script on the forum.

(Dan sits down, too.)

**DAN:** And I could be having my eighth royal crowning re-enactment of the day.

**TPYMK:** *Eighth?*

**DAN:** Yeah – I don't like to celebrate things too much.

(Greg is holding up a water pistol filled with beer, squirting it

into his mouth.)

**GREG:** I'm missing the sixty-four cases of Guinness I have stored in my bedroom. That was supposed to see me through until tomorrow.

**TPYMK:** I suppose this has been quite an eye-opening experience for you, then, Greg?

**GREG:** Yeah. I mean, my time here has practically turned me sober.

(He pulls the trigger of the water pistol – but it's empty. He frowns.)

Damn – out of shots.

(They sit there in silence.)

**DAN:** I'm so thirsty. My mouth is dry.

**GREG:** I'm absolutely *gagging* for something to drink! I haven't had any sort of beverage in ages!

(He starts fanning himself with the water pistol.)

Phew... Is it hot in here or is it just me?

**TPYMK:** It's you. Your breath, to be exact.

(Greg checks the inside of his coat pockets, a worried expression on his face.)

**GREG:** Guys... I think I'm out of alcohol.

**TPYMK:** Oh, praise the Good Lord! Maybe you'll finally do something sensible for once.

**GREG:** I think I'm going crazy... It's been less than a minute since my last pint. I'm suffering withdrawal symptoms!

**DAN:** Then it's a good thing we're here to keep commoners like you in check.

**TPYMK:** Yeah! I mean, if I wasn't here, Greg, then where would



you be?

(Greg looks confused.)

**GREG:** In the bar.

**TPYMK:** No, I mean figuratively: where would you be?

**GREG:** Oh – inside a bottle of whiskey.

(TPYMK sighs.)

**TPYMK:** We're going to die in here. Me – the god of all fan fiction – dying in a room with a stuck-up prince with delusions of power and a drunk whose blood is 100% beer. How worse can it get?

(He notices Greg is smiling at him alluringly.)

Greg? What are you smiling at me like that for?

**GREG:** Hi, baby.

**TPYMK:** I'm sorry?

**GREG:** Oh, you're slim, aren't you? And you!

(He points at Dan.)

**DAN:** Me?

**GREG:** Yes! You! You're so big! I like something to grab on to!

(We see things from Greg's point of view. To him, TPYMK is a slim bottle of wine, and Dan is a giant pint glass of beer.)

**TPYMK:** I think he's delusional!

(Greg stumbles out of his seat, arms outstretched towards the two.)

**GREG:** I'm going to drink you all dry! Ha-ha-ha!

**DAN:** Greg – no!

**GREG:** Dan – yes!

(TPYMK and Dan back away until they're up against the wall. They exchange frightened looks as Greg staggers towards them.)

**DAN:** What do we do?

**TPYMK:** I have no choice – I'll have to use my secret weapon!

(TPYMK pulls out a plastic bottle from his pocket, holding it up in front of Greg.)

Here you go, Greg!

(Greg stops, looking at the bottle in bewilderment.)

**GREG:** What is it?

**TPYMK:** A drink! Here – try it!

**GREG:** Thanks! I could use a starter before my main course!

(Greg bites off the top and drains the bottle dry in his typical fashion. He narrows his eyes, looking at TPYMK in confusion.)

That didn't taste very nice. What was it?

**TPYMK:** Water.

(Greg's eyes widen in horror. His hands tighten around his throat, as he starts gagging.)

**GREG:** *Water?*

**TPYMK:** Yes. What about it?

**GREG:** But I... I... I—

(Greg's gags and chokes become louder. He lets out a huge gasp and falls to the floor. He emits one big final belch, and closes his eyes. Dead.)

**DAN:** What happened?

**TPYMK:** I don't know. I only gave him my emergency water bottle to distract him. I didn't think it would be *fatal*. I suppose

that drinking anything *without* alcohol kills him instantly.

(TPYMK shakes his head.)

Those Canadians work in mysterious ways.

**DAN:** What a shame. He could have done so much with his life if he didn't turn to the bottle.

**TPYMK:** Indeed. If only he'd been born in Ireland – this never would have happened. I mean, they don't believe that alcohol even *exists*.

**DAN:** There's nothing we can do for him now. It's just us two in an empty room. Alone.

**TPYMK:** Yeah...

(A sly smile suddenly forms on Dan's face. He places a hand on TPYMK's shoulder.)

**DAN:** Now that we're alone, I suppose we can show our *true* appreciation for each other.

(TPYMK is visibly disturbed. He takes a step backwards.)

**TPYMK:** Dan... what do you mean?

**DAN:** Oh, come on, ThatPersonYouMightKnow – I know how you feel about me. After all, a prince needs a princess...

**TPYMK:** Dan, no! This is wrong!

**DAN:** I should have betrothed us years ago! Come on – put a wig on and let's sit on some thrones!

**TPYMK:** But I don't understand – where did this sudden expression of love come from?

**DAN:** Why do you think I'm your ultimate fangirl? I idolise you. Your bad stories inspired *my* bad stories. It's an honour. And now that we're all alone, we can finally have our marriage ceremony! The dead bodies of Eoin and Greg will serve as witness!

**TPYMK:** No, no, no, no, no...

(TPYMK runs over to the other end of the room, with Dan still pursuing him, giggling like a little girl with a crush.)

**DAN:** You're so cute when you're afraid! I like that!

**TPYMK:** Uh... uh... Oh, Dan, look! A bagful of TPYMK Medals!

(Dan turns around.)

**DAN:** Where?

(TPYMK smashes Dan over the head with one of the chairs, knocking him to the floor.)

**TPYMK:** And *stay* down, you queer prince! Let that be a lesson to you! Now, I'm willing to forgive you out of the goodness of my godly heart if you just apologise... What do you say, Dan?

(Dan doesn't answer. His body fails to make a single movement.)

Dan?

(TPYMK prods him.)

Dan!

(He kicks Dan right in the head. *Thwack!*)

*Dan!*

(TPYMK stops, as the truth suddenly sets in.)

I've killed him... He's dead... Now everyone's gone... It's just me.

(He then starts to laugh.)

Ha-ha-ha! Yes! It's just me! No more furies! No more royalty! No more South African alcoholics! I'm finally at peace!

(Haiba suddenly appears in the middle of the room.)

**HAIBA:** Well done, ThatPersonYouMightKnow, you cheesy little cutie, you! You've done it! You've won!

(TPYMK narrows his eyes in bemusement.)

**TPYMK:** Haiba? What do you mean, I won?

**HAIBA:** You've passed the test! You see, the other day, I was thinking to myself which one of you four would be worthy enough to become my husband. And I just couldn't decide. So I came up with a sneaky scheme. I kidnapped all of you from your homes, and locked you in this room!

**TPYMK:** So this was all part of your plan?

**HAIBA:** Of course it was, you raven-haired love goddess from the heights of heaven.

**TPYMK:** My hair is brown.

**HAIBA:** Regardless, I knew that you would all go insane and try to kill each other. I decided that the last person standing would become my husband.

**TPYMK:** I don't believe this! You've conjured up this foul, evil, coarse, perverted, dastardly, unpleasant, disgusting, filthy, inhumane, horrific, ugly, frightening, paralysing, demonic, Haiba-y plan just to find yourself a mate?

**HAIBA:** Yeah.

(TPYMK grins, nodding.)

**TPYMK:** It's a good plan, isn't it?

**HAIBA:** Exactly! So, what do you say? Come back to my place for some cheesy pasta and chocolate milk?

**TPYMK:** Certainly, darling!

**HAIBA:** You're such a dreamboat.

(They link arms.)

**TPYMK:** I know. I love you, Haiba.

**HAIBA:** I love you, too, ThatPersonYouMightKnow. And I always will. Until the end of time.

(The two kiss passionately. TPYMK smiles, staring into his eyes.)

**TPYMK:** Now *that's* what I call a friend.

(The two then vanish, leaving the room and its occupants behind for ever.)

### **The End**

**AN:** It was Haiba all along! I knew it! You all should have seen that coming! What other omnisexual lion cub would come up with such an evil plan? Still, at least I'm his husband now. And you're all dead. But in those exaggerated states, I think it's for the best...